

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus



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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mary Really Believes in Signs!



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WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Each home is a little fortress which can not fall if only the garrison within are loyal to each other and to the common cause.

CHAPTER 76.
The Difference.
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
New Estrella had all the characteristics of the new breed. She was something that almost amounted to a genius for business. And, like all such women, she was a bit of a schemer. She was in bed most of the morning, seldom or never arising for lunch. She had her own devices, but about 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening she was able to think of some ridiculous task that had to be performed before she could go to bed. Then she would trifle away the hours till after midnight. Sometimes she merely felt impelled to arrange and rearrange her hair in some new coiffure. At other times night would see her at more important work; as, for example, making over the neck of a blouse into a more fashionable line, or giving herself a most careful manure. And at first Freddie had tried to sit out these sessions. He thought it was his duty to do so. He had, therefore, to be away from his bride all day while he earned their mutual living. She had as yet no friends in New York. Freddie felt with sympathy for her, that she must be very lonely. The least he could do, he told himself, was to give her his full attention in the evenings. It was a matter of fact that Freddie had brought up in a home where everybody talked a lot. It was taken for granted in the family that each member of it was interested in the affairs and plans and hopes of the others. Consequently in the evening Mr. Mason made a brief report of the "high spots" in his day down town. Mrs. Mason took the hour or two after dinner to make all sorts of inquiries into the happenings of the day, either at school with Irene, or at college with Freddie. The four of them had grown very close in the nurture. The idea that "home" is a sort of little fortress, the garrison of which must stand together loyally before all outsiders—friend or foe.

This idea Freddie quite naturally took with him into his new life. But he had not been married more than a month when he could not but understand that Estrella was not interested in anything he did, unless it directly and personally concerned her. He had tried to tell her of some new readjustment in his office that promised to save much labor. And his talk had come hatingly to a close because of the utterly blank expression on his young wife's face. Then he had tried to tell her of her day. "How much she had accomplished," what she had found to interest. These questions of Freddie, Estrella had thought, came from some suspicion of her. She had resented them accordingly. She had snapped out rude answers to them, or had not answered at all. And thus, in short order, the home evenings of Freddie and his bride had degenerated into a kind of "death watch." Estrella busied herself with her ally tasks, absorbed. Freddie either read or pined himself to remain awake, waited dutifully until such time as she would grow weary and would be willing to put out the lights. He missed his friends; he missed the brisk walks on Riverside drive after dinner, which he always had been at liberty to take if his head felt "stuffed" or dull. He missed the simple and good food to which he was accustomed. Estrella was mightily given to "fancy dishes," "delicacies" bought at cheap bakeries, and "fancy" had been bought half cooked. He missed the interchange of ideas with other brains as eager to progress as was his own. At home they always had spoken of "the president" as though he personally belonged to them. They had taken to him especially. They worried over him if they thought him overworked; quite simply they prayed God to help him find the right way to lead their country in times of stress or bewilderment. It was all so clean, so good. And, most of all, Freddie missed his little sister and his father and his mother. He missed his mother so that, night after night, he raved and wailed with clenching teeth upon his longing.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Now, Luke, Don't You Feel Comforted?



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JOE'S CAR—Evidently Joe Doesn't Want to Find Out by Experience!



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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WHY SOME WOMEN DON'T MARRY.

A man is greatly disturbed because he thinks he observes that women are developing a tendency toward celibacy. He says that nowadays girls don't look forward to marriage with the crowning glory of their lives, and he considers this attitude toward the holy estate most unfeminine and decadent. Also he desires to know why this is true. Undoubtedly girls are less anxious to marry in these present times than their mothers were in former days, although there still appears to be no difficulty in persuading a young man to make a journey to the altar when the right man comes along and undertakes to do it. It is generally speaking, my correspondent is right when he says the wedding ring has lost most of its glitter in the eyes of the average young woman, and that if she could have her choice between being a wife and either a movie star, or a popular actress, or the head buyer for the cloak and suit department, with a trip to the domestic row in favor of the part with the spotlight on it. There are many reasons why marriage is not now the goal of every woman's ambition, and the acquiring of the husband's time and object of her life, as it used to be. The principal one is the obvious one, that in grand-mother's time there was not anything to do except to get married, and there was no place in the sun for a female except for married women. Matrimony was the only lawful occupation open to a perfect lady, and her marriage was her only card of admission to any interesting way of living. A spinster, no matter how wealthy, could not have her own home. No matter how intelligent, she was not permitted to follow her own inclinations, nor have her own opinions. No matter how old she could not receive her own friends alone nor go about unattended. She was doomed to be a debutante at 40, and always the frigate on somebody else's family. As for making a living, every girl of a necessity of marrying for a real pocket; they no longer do it. The average woman can support herself quite as well as the man she is likely to

marry will be able to do. Furthermore, she can do it by working in a nice, clean office or store, where interesting things are happening. Instead of toiling over a cook stove and wash tubs in a dull two-by-four kitchen. Also while she makes her own money she enjoys the pleasure of financial independence, which is one of the most satisfying emotions that ever swell the human breast. When a capable business girl, who has worked her way up to a good job and who has higher prospects ahead of her, thinks of marriage it is not in terms of triumph, but in terms of sacrifice. She is willing to make it if she loves a man enough, but she hates to give up her liberty and her individual pocketbook. And, naturally, it makes her choosier, and she isn't going to throw away a \$100.00 for a life and which she does think in trousers that comes along for the sake of being married, as grandmas did. Another reason why girls are loath to marry is that they see too many examples of what is likely to get if she does marry. She sees that very often the Perfect Lover turns after marriage into the Perfect Brute. She remembers how she used to be envious of Mamie because Mamie was engaged to a young man who was a modern Romeo. Such devotion! Such delicate consideration for her! Such tender protection of her! Such romantic little attentions! Well, when she goes to see Mamie nowadays she is called on to mingle her tears with those of a neglected wife, whose husband considers home a place to come to when other places shut up, and who grumbles and grouches around the house, and kicks the cat, and scolds the baby, and tells his wife that she is a nuisance. And with interest to shut up, she doesn't know what she is talking about. And she knows that there is no possible way of telling before hand whether a man is going to be a tightwad husband or not. She used to envy Jenny, the lovely prospect, and the young girl that Jenny's fiancé showered upon her. But to get if she marries Jenny is still paying back every cent that her sweetheart spent on her in his courting days. And with interest, and she has seen Jenny have heart failure on the first of the month when the bills come in, and it didn't seem to

her that anything on earth could pay her for being that much afraid of a man, or for being bullied by him. Of course she knows that there are good husbands as well as bad and that the women that get the good husbands are blessed among their sex, but it seems to her that getting a good husband is just about as much of a venture as playing a hundred to one shot on a race. If she has sporting blood she makes the gamble and gets married. If she is a pliker, she plays safe and stays single. And that is why some girls don't marry. (Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

TALK GARDENS TO 'EM.



YE TOWNE GOSSIP
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)
BY K.C.B.

KENNETH M. Goode.
EDITOR HEART'S Magazine.
MY DEAR Ken.
IN HEART'S for April.
YOU STARTED a story.
BY ARTHUR Somers Roche.
AND IT'S a mystery story.
AND THERE are crimes committed.
AND MY wife has read it.
AND SHE had me read it.
AND EVER since then.
SHE KEEPS arguing with me.
ABOUT WHOEVER it was.
THAT COMMITTED the crime.
AND IT'S the second time.
THAT ARTHUR Somers Roche

HAS DISTURBED our household.
AND THE last time.
WE WERE up in Boston.
AT THE Touraine hotel.
AND IT was a murder story.
IN ONE of the magazines.
AND WE both read it.
AND THE installment ended.
AT A most exciting place.
AND JUST at the moment.
THEY WERE going to catch the murderer.
AND I was so sore.
I COULD have at the magazine.
AND MY wife and I.
WE TRIED to figure it out.
AND WE couldn't agree.

AND I went downstairs.
TO THE telegraph office.
IN THE hotel lobby.
AND WROTE out a telegram.
TO ARTHUR Somers Roche.
AT THE Majestic hotel.
IN NEW YORK city.
AND EARLY.
"CAN'T WAIT" until next month.
"MUST KNOW at once."
"WHO MURDERED the judge?"
AND ARTHUR wired back:
"FIGURE IT out for yourself."
"THAT'S WHAT I had to do."
TWO weeks later.
I SAW him in New York.
AND THEN he told me.
THAT HE wrote the whole story.
EXCEPT THE last chapter.
WITHOUT HAVING any idea.
WHO COMMITTED the murder.
AND IT nearly drove him crazy.
TRYING to figure it out.
IN TIME for publication.
AND I'M writing you now.
JUST to give you warning.
ABOUT THE way Arthur works.

HOROSCOPE
SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919.
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Jupiter rules powerfully for good today, while Neptune is in benefic aspect, according to the reading of the stars. It would seem that business is to be very active, new avenues of commerce opening and great enterprises being started, but the evil reflection of the Mars influence may retard certain plans. Bankers, brokers and all who finance big projects will be much in demand, it is prophesied. There is a sign interpreted as giving promise of the establishment of community clubhouses everywhere. These will take the place of saloons and cabarets and will become national institutions. The king of Belgium comes under good lunar direction, but he may expect to suffer from ingratitude. Persons whose birthdays it is have the augury of a successful year. Much happiness in the family is forecast. The young will court and marry. Children born on this day may be excitable and romantic, but they are likely to have excellent or romantic lives.

HUNTSVILLE MAY BUILD MUNICIPAL ABATTOIR

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., April 11. (Sp.)—A 30-day suspension of the ordinance forbidding the butchers of Huntsville to kill their meat animals except in an abattoir has been granted by the city council. In the meantime a committee of aldermen will investigate the matter of having the city build and operate an abattoir at a cost of about \$15,000. It is believed that a bond election will be called so that bonds may be issued to provide the necessary funds.